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Wildlife and Related Natural Resources

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COVER: Red-shouldered Hawk photograph by Chris Marsh,
Cervallis, Oregon

Editorial

THE HUNTER

Men kill and men die. One can no more escape complicity than one can walk without touching the ground, whether one chooses to try by purchasing animal flesh out of refrigerated compartments or by converting park rangers into slaughterhouse attendants. Even vegetarians cannot, in the modern world, exempt themselves. How much wheat and corn could Kansas and Nebraska produce with millions of bison eating everything down to the roots?

Just past the argument that hunting is murder lies the related superstition that it is a violent and bloodthirsty pastime that mars the sensibility of persons who indulge in it. The Humane Society of the United States, for example, says that it looks for "a generation of adults who will no longer have any wish, desire, or willingness to kill any living creature purely for pleasure and recreation." The argument is in essence a puritanical one and should be recognized as such. "One does not hunt in order to kill," Ortegay Gasset said, "one kills in order to have hunted." In the death of the beast one rehearses one's own: "Hunting," Ortegay argues, "is an occurrence between two animals . . . one the hunter and one the hunted." The hunter cannot exist without the prey, and so, in his way, he loves it.

I have never been in the company of hunters anywhere, whether in Massachusetts, Virginia, Arkansas, or California — the places I have hunted or spoken to numbers of hunters — where men who exhibit aggressive tendencies and derive obvious pleasure from the killing part of the ritual are not disliked and shunned by their fellows. (There is an obvious and natural limit to man's ability — playing by

the rules — to kill game. As any hunter knows who hunts a species in which the season is long enough to make a difference, by the end of that term game gets scarce and difficult to find. The rabbit season where I live, for example, opens October 1 and closes February 15. Anybody who goes hunting after Christmas is in it for something other than killing. By February rabbits are grown so scarce — and would do so, it is important to note, whether they were hunted by men or not — that it is often hard to find enough to give the dogs a good day's run.) A person seeking sadistic thrills is better off with pro football or stock-car racing. If killing were the point of hunting, most people would give it up out of boredom.

Thirty-five species of mammals are legally hunted in the United States; more than 800 are not. For birds the figures are seventy-four and over 700. No endangered species are hunted legally, and according to the National Wildlife Federation, no species was ever put on that list by modern (i.e., twentieth-century) sport hunting in this country. More deer are killed by automobiles than by all the hunters in Christendom.

The deer is not innocent unless the wolf is guilty. Deer are animals; they have no individual moral natures. To us they are an enigma, permanently other, seeming whole and free of contradiction only because the terms are our own. They live and die as we do, and we are implicated in their fate through the power we have over them.

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Letters

SQUIRREL FANS

Your recent article "Treetop Ramblers" struck close to home. For the past seven years we've enjoyed a family of flying squirrels at our chalet about 1600 feet high on Bryce Mountain. They usually appear at the feeder just after twilight and are almost fearless, letting us approach within three feet of them.

Robert L. Robinson
Washington, D.C.

RARE REDPOLLS

I was somewhat surprised to read (*Virginia Wildlife*, November, 1978, page 31) that the common redpoll, *Acanthis flammea linaria*, is very rare in Virginia. You may be interested to know that this species was a common visitor to my backyard feeder in Fairfax County last winter. I saw the redpolls on at least a dozen occasions in the company of pine siskins, evening grosbeaks and goldfinches.

H. R. Heinz
Springfield

CHINESE CHESTNUTS

Why not, through your wonderful publication *Virginia Wildlife*, promote a campaign of transplanting Chinese chestnut trees to increase the supply of food for Virginia's wildlife? The nuts are three times larger than our native chestnuts.

J. C. Wolfe
Dryden

Chinese chestnuts have been planted extensively for wildlife on the National Forests but private landowners and sportsmen who hunt on their lands could make such a contribution.

—Ed.

MAP FAN

Thanks for including maps in several of your recent articles. They're really a big help when planning trips to the beautiful places you talk about in *Virginia Wildlife*.

Art Doyle
Richmond

WHERE WERE WE?

I came to a real puzzle yesterday. I notice that you are currently on Volume XL of your magazine. Where have I been for the first 39? Seriously, I find your publication wonderful. The subjects covered, the format and the photos all make a beautiful magazine.

Herbert L. Curtis
Chesapeake

A FINAL WORD

After reading Clay Quinlivan's letter, I ran back to my August issue to see what must surely have been a full-color nude. Alas, all I saw was an owl about to eat a rabbit. Isn't it unfortunate that a man will deny his grandchildren some elementary facts about the great outdoors.

Robert G. Schipf
University of Montana

We received many letters such as this defending our August cover. It seems that most of our readers agreed with Mr. Schipf and the others we have printed.
—Asst. Ed.



Photo by H. L. Gillam

Mined land can be turned
into productive wildlife habitat,
the Hagy Wildlife Area is
a good example.



Photo by H. L. Gillam



IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A WASTELAND

BY DENNIS ANDERSON

Can former coal surface mined areas be productive for wildlife?

Yes, says the Game Commission. The Hagy Wildlife Management area is the result of cooperation between the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Division of Mined Land Reclamation and the Penn.-Va. Corporation.

Lying in both Lee and Wise Counties in Southwest Virginia, the area is typical with its oak-hickory and hardwoods. But the area had been scarred by strip mining.

The process is a mammoth one. Bulldozers begin by cutting a road in the side of a mountain, usually 40 to 60 feet above the coal that lies in a horizontal layer in between other layers of rock. A large drill is used to make holes that are then filled with explosives. The bulldozers are then used to remove the coal.

Here the law steps in. The mining companies are required to regrade the disturbed area and plant grasses and trees. This process, however, covers existing vegetation and leaves unstable and sterile subsoils exposed.

When the spirit of cooperation among the agencies was discovered, they all set to work. The goal was a public-use wildlife area.

The first step was to evaluate the area. It was found that the existing forest and flora were suitable for deer, turkey, and grouse. There were no deer or turkey present but a stable population of grouse existed. It was determined that enough forage existed, but that mast (nuts, berries etc.) was not adequate to support a winter population.

Four decisions were made. First, to increase mast production by planting species that produce nuts and berries. Second, to improve cover on the existing strip benches. Third, to favor deer, turkey, and grouse in the project. Finally, to stock deer and turkey.

The actual work began. Deer and turkey were stocked simultaneously with the planting work. Twenty-eight wild turkey, from Augusta Co. were released, while fifty-nine deer were stocked.

Wildlife plantings (adding desirable plants to those already present) took place over three years. These were planted on all three existing strip benches. The following plants were used, bicolor lespedeza, two species of crabapples, honeysuckle, loblolly pine, Virginia pine, redbud, hazelnut, pecan, autumn olives, alder, flowering dogwood, sawtooth oak, and barberry. Most all of these plants aid in cover and all have some food value for wildlife. Since the plantings

were over a three year period, yearly evaluations could be made of the survival and suitability of individual species. Then other species could be substituted or adverse conditions corrected. Of the ones mentioned, flowering dogwood, honeysuckle, redbud and pecan did not survive for all practical purposes.

The results of the planting and stocking were excellent. The plantings survived and some produced seeds used by many birds, and have done extremely well. Another plant which seems to have "taken over" is autumn olive. Planted as a small "ship" about eight to ten inches, the autumn olives now stand ten to fifteen feet tall. The bush produces an immense amount of red berries which tend to stay on the bush on into the winter, thus making an excellent winter food source. Besides benefitting wildlife, the flowers in the spring are alive and attract bees, which assures fertile seeds and new plants.

The trees planted have had varied results. European alder, for example has attained heights of twenty-five feet, where the sawtooth oaks have done little but survive.

Turkeys stocked have reproduced and spread into adjacent areas, so that such a large turkey population exists, that the Hagy area receives intensive turkey hunting in the spring. A drive along the strip benches usually always yields one or two sighting of the birds. The turkeys seem to use the travel lane cover and food considerably, judging by their tracks and sightings.

Deer were the only major failure of the project. Due to the high concentration of dogs and that no leash law existed, dogs made quick work of the deer. Ten fatalities were directly dog related and there were probably more never discovered. By the spring of 1972, there was no evidence of any deer within the Hagy Wildlife area. Another factor which may have adversely affected the deer is noise. The sounds generated by the blasting and constant whine of engines seems to be a deterrent to deer.

The Hagy area is no longer under cooperative management, however, the plants, trees and game are there, growing and reproducing. And, hunters can still take advantage of the management efforts. The Penn.-Va. Corporation, although under no obligation, allows public hunting upon request and all other interested parties can see first hand that strip mining and wildlife management can work together to meet the needs of wildlife.

Open House For

No one seems to be indifferent to raccoons. Either a person considers them a nuisance and fair hunting or one has lost their heart to them beyond repair.

Two years ago my husband and I, residents of McLean, Virginia, a suburb of Washington, D. C., definitely qualified in the first category. Nearly every morning we found our garbage cans had been pilfered and soggy wrappings and decaying food bits left in an unsightly mess on our ground and sidewalk. Nothing like that to spoil the memory of a delicious meal! We weren't long in doubt as to who the culprits were. One night we caught them in the act. When we flashed our side lights we illuminated a family of four, one huge Grandpa Raccoon and three small but well fed ones. Grandpa, undismayed, stared back at us while the others went on eating complacently.

Our problem really reached a climax last winter during the ice period when we came back from a vacation in the south to find not only was our garbage spread out on the ground, but it was iced on to the ground and impossible to pick up. We just had to wait patiently for a good thaw.

It was at this point that we decided to provide an alternative. Since we lived in Fairfax County, we knew it was against the law to kill them — you may “chase them without capturing or taking.” I could just see myself chasing one of those sly creatures through our back woods. I have been lost back there twice. Our neighbor has done some trapping and re-settlement, but we had read how raccoons' delicate fingers can be mangled in traps. If blood poisoning sets in the animal might as well be destroyed. Those fingers are a very important part of their equipment. They serve as his “feelers,” and he uses them as some animals use their eyes. He feels each morsel before he eats it. His slim, nimble fingers are also the tools he uses to pry up and tilt heavy garbage lids.

Our alternative was really a plan of action. We would place some of the raccoon's favorite foods outside the garbage pails and see what happened. I chose German chocolate cake first because I had heard raccoons had a sweet tooth and secondly none of our family like it. Sure enough, the next morning the cake had disappeared, and we had no overturned cans. Certainly, the lids had been removed, but no debris had been scattered. The next night we put out fresh corn, which we had heard was simply irresistible to raccoon appetites. About 9 p.m. we heard a racket, and we turned on the side lights. Such a comical sight! We could only see a big raccoon's feet and legs waving in the air. He was rummaging through our garbage can, standing on his head. He finally came out, looked disinterestedly at the fresh corn, and sauntered off. Evidently our suburban raccoons expected a personal chef's service. He wasn't having raw corn. It had to be cooked.



After the corn episode, I tried various other foods: bread, peanut butter, raisins, chicken, fish, eggs, spaghetti, green beans, and peas. They ate all scraps except lima beans. Our family doesn't like them either, so we weren't hurt over that. In a book about California raccoons I read they were crazy about oranges, peeling them with glee. That must have been state propaganda because our spoiled creatures would have nothing to do with them until they were peeled.

Gradually we led our raccoons from the garbage cans around to our front door, each time placing their dishes nearer the steps. During this deliberate feeding, our garbage cans were no longer investigated. No wonder! Why rummage in the garbage can for delicacies when it was being served them on their own dishes? In addition, they were being provided elegantly with finger bowls. We had heard that raccoons liked to wash their food. By looking out the window we observed that they didn't actually wash their food but moistened it. This might have originated from their catching fish and eating them while they were still wet.

The first night we moved the dishes to the front porch, I looked out the door at intervals and finally was rewarded by seeing a middle-sized raccoon engaged in his ritual of feeling, moistening, and eating a concoction of bread, peanut butter, and marshmallows.

We were only able to distinguish our dinner guests by size. They all looked like copies of each other in the face — the same black mask, the sharp, beady eyes, pointed nose ending in a black, shiny button. All of them had beautiful fur, but some tails were bushier and more ringed than others. Never more than two came at the same time. When a friendly argument de-

Raccoons



Illustration by Diane Grant

veloped, usually the larger one was more convincing. Occasionally we saw a small, quick moving one we deemed a female. We were never able to observe her very long.

Several times my husband heard loud churling (raccoon talk) below our patio. They must have been discussing the order of their eating, because suddenly it was quiet, and they appeared one by one for their dinner.

Two popular hours for feeding emerged, 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. They always waited until it was completely dark, however, they were never bothered by lights, only sudden noises. Our two cats became interested in our strange visitors, and we tried to corral them before 9 p.m. and banish them to the basement. Our black and white tomcat would often resist all efforts and post himself as a reception committee. He never confronted them, just gazed at them in wonder. The raccoons, in turn, ignored him and went about their business of devouring everything they could find. One cat the raccoons didn't like was old Leo next door. My trapper neighbor complained that his Leo was on his last legs and had lost his appetite. The vet had put him on a special diet which old Leo refused to eat. However, one night, I heard a cat bawling like a frustrated lover, and I discovered old Leo on the stoop ruffled up to twice his size belligerently facing a spitting Grandpa Raccoon. Neither one would give an inch. The big red dish was between them, piled high with fish and steak scraps. "Leo," I ordered, "Go home. You can't eat this food. Doctor said, 'No! No!'" Whether it was face saving or he understood, Leo turned reluctantly and left. Grandpa went right on eating, scarcely taking time out to douse. He must

have thought Leo would return once my back was turned.

After two or three months, we decided to invite our guests inside. We have a small vestibule fenced off by a desk and lattice work. The front door can be propped open, and the way to the porch is always clear. How would the raccoons react? Would they venture in, and if they did, would they get confused and run about wildly looking for an exit? We stood the possibility of having our living room literally torn up and having to catch a frantic animal.

The first night we tried the open door policy, I sat nervously watching the door. We had covered the tile with newspapers just in case of an accident or spills. We didn't have long to wait. Exactly at 9 p.m. our first dinner guest sauntered in and soon took charge of the situation. It was the middle-sized one, which we began to think of as "Brig," short for "brigand." He is a handsome masked creature, fluffy fur, light textured, tipped with black, and a luxuriant tail ringed with seven black stripes.

Brig soon ate all of his dinner and looked around for more. I threw him a marshmallow, and he rescued it from under the desk. After he gobbled that up, he looked into the closet for more hidden sweets, decided he had stayed long enough, and vanished. Raccoons seem to lumber along like small bears, but like these cousins, they can move quickly when necessary.

It soon became our custom to leave the door open every night from 8:30–9:30 p.m. Another middle sized one came in, not so handsome nor so friendly as Brig. Frequently, both came, but never at the same time. Grandpa and the small female never ventured inside, only appearing after a bowl of food was placed outside at 11 p.m.

One night we had a party of nine people in the living room. I had promised to produce a raccon, but no one believed one would actually show up. Brig suddenly appeared while we were talking and laughing, cleaned his dish until it sparkled while everyone admired him in whispers. My son, home from college, said, "I would have never believed it possible." He, later, took pictures with his instamatic. Brig was so near a young girl she could have reached out and touched him, but I had cautioned my guests against any contact. I wanted our raccoon guests to remain free and confident. At the same time, I wanted to spare guests a rabies scare.

Our dinner guests have proven very clean, house broken, and well mannered. Of course, they are suburban creatures who demand the best of service, their corn cooked and their oranges peeled. But we get benefits, too. Raccoons make wonderful garbage disposals — and are great entertainers!

BY LLOYD J. LINFORD

Leave it to the scientific age to decide that, as a weather prognosticator, the furry little groundhog is almost a complete bust. The National Weather Service simply ignores him and one authority places him correct only about 28 per cent of the time, which is little better than half that allowed by the law of averages, it would seem.

Still, the tradition lives on, and Groundhog Day (February 2) is good fun for many Americans. And why not? Cold winter days are brightened somehow by the prospect that on this day one of nature's prized creatures comes out of hibernation to see if spring has sprung.

As with many of our special day observances, Groundhog Day came down to us from the distant past and originally had strong religious connotations as "Candlemas Day."

February 2 began as Candlemas Day officially in 542 A.D. by order of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian I, with the festival of lighting candles to commemorate the presentation of Jesus by Mary to God as her first-born son 40 days after His birth.

Exactly how hibernating animals as weather forecasters got into the February 2 act is not known for sure, but scholars believe them to be pagan influences and traditions that mixed with the Christian and eventually became dominant.

The transition is reflected in an old English song from medieval days, which said in part: "If Candlemas be fair and bright, Come, Winter, have another flight. If Candlemas bring clouds or rain, Go, Winter, and come not again."

Ancient tribes in Germany are believed to have contributed the idea that hibernating animals come to the surface of the ground in the early spring to observe the state of the weather, and their beliefs were incorporated into the Christian Candlemas festival, eventually making February 2 Groundhog Day.

Tradition has it that, if the groundhog (the badger in Germany) sees the sun upon emerging from his burrow, he becomes frightened by his own shadow and crawls back inside for six weeks more sleep. This means to believing farmers that more cold weather will follow, and the result will be poorer farm crops.

However, if the skies are dull and cloudy, the animal remains above ground and this presages that cold weather will soon give way to balmy spring days. Naturally, farmers look forward to spring and thus prefer unpleasant weather on Groundhog Day.

Groundhog — often called "woodchuck" — traditions are believed to have been brought to America by early settlers from Germany, where farmers were accustomed to planting spring crops in accordance with this little creature's supposed prognostications.

Pennsylvania is the home of groundhog fables in this country, and several groups of fun-makers there have organized clubs and societies to observe groundhog movements on February 2, and to engage in the fine art of weather forecasting. There is much rivalry among the various organizations, and they challenge

Many swear by
the groundhog's
predictions
while others
swear at him.

each other's predictions and interpretations with squirrely abandonment.

Many swear by the groundhog's predictions, while others swear at him because of his voracious appetite for fresh garden vegetables and other greenery, and because of what his burrowing does to the surface of the ground.

The "chuck" in the groundhog's other name, woodchuck, is an old English dialect word meaning little pig. But, except for his seeming constant hunger, the groundhog has little in common with the pig. For he is a muff-shaped rodent, about two feet long with yellow, black and rust colored fur, short legs, a short and bushy tail, and a shrill but cheerful whistle.

In the spring, incidentally, it is the male groundhog who scampers out of the burrow and explores the great outdoors first. And, aside from whatever shadows he may look for on February 2, the first thing he does is find a mate.

He lives with his beloved for about a month, at which time four or five babies are due. Then, rain or shine, our ace forecaster can predict with certainty that he will be summarily ousted from the family dwelling without so much as a "good-by, Chuck!" His fatherly duties are ended by female decree, and he is literally out in the cold.

At those odds, who wouldn't be afraid of his shadow?

Is the Groundhog Foggy on Weather?



Most of us, at one time or another, have been out on a cold winter evening with the wind howling through the trees, and have sworn that the temperature is much lower than what the weatherman reported. As we hurry to the comfort of our homes, we often voice concern for our wildlife friends who must endure these chilling winds, and we may wonder, just how does wind affect wildlife?

The most direct way in which wind affects wildlife is through its impact on the energy balance of an individual. Wind causes animals to lose heat energy at their surface. During the winter it is important that this heat be replaced in order for the animal to maintain a constant body temperature. Since food is an animal's source of energy, wildlife exposed to the wind will probably need to consume more food than those sheltered from the wind. For example, an average-sized deer exposed to a 10 mile-per-hour wind at sub-zero temperatures will require 8.3 pounds of browse a day compared to 5.6 pounds of browse a day for a deer in still air at the same temperature. This means that the deer exposed to the wind will need to eat 2.7 pounds more of browse a day than the deer in calm air.

This figure is based on the assumption that the deer is constantly exposed to the wind, which would rarely be the case. However, it is evident that the longer a deer or other animal is exposed to the wind, the more food an animal will need to consume to replace that energy lost due to wind. This may not be important in areas where good habitat and low populations exist. However, if a population is already suffering some food shortage, then any increased food consumption could result in habitat destruction and ultimately in a lower population.

Of course, wind does not affect some wildlife species in this manner to the same extent as big game because they are hibernators or they utilize dens which provide efficient shelter from the elements. This does not mean that these animals are not affected by the wind in some other way.

Wind influences the amount of food and cover available to all wild-

When The



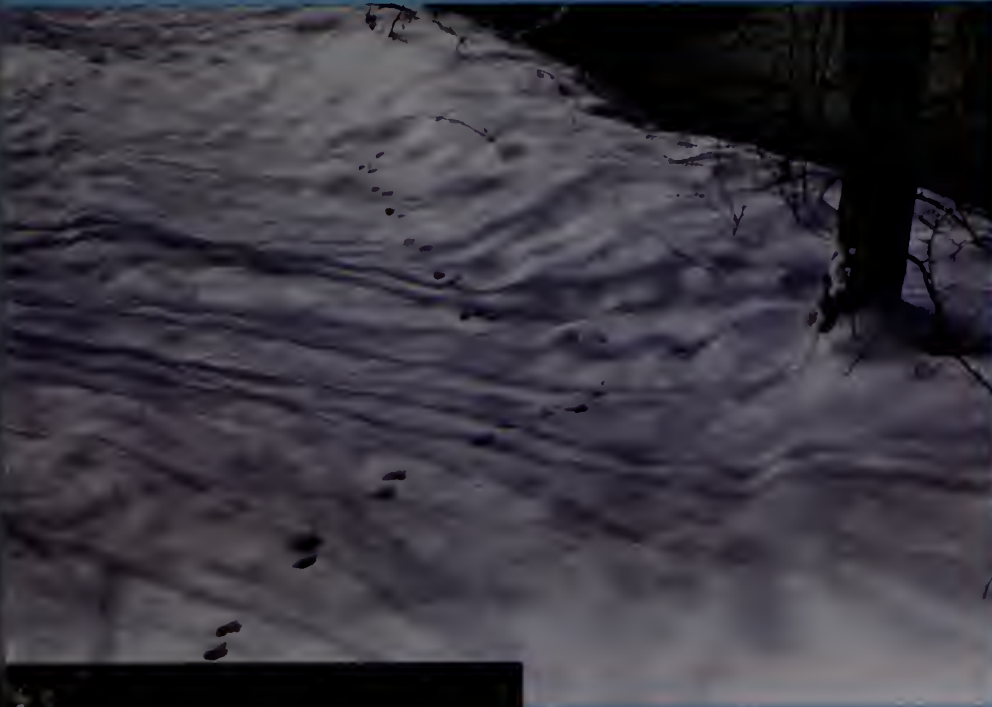
Without protection from the wind, an animal's food consumption must increase.



North Wind Blows

BY DONALD LEE FRANCIS AND ROBERT H. GILES, JR.

Studies show that small animals will congregate in protected areas.



A den tree provides shelter from the wind.



The availability of water is important to some animals' energy balance.

Photo by Jim Wilson



FEBRUARY, 1979



Rodent populations have been shown to be densest in sheltered areas such as this brush pile.



Wind and browse consumption are particularly important in areas of high deer population.

Local distribution of wildlife can often be attributed to the wind.



CHILL FACTOR CHART

WIND SPEED (mph)	LOCAL TEMPERATURE (°F)											
	32	23	14	5	-4	-13	-22	-31	-40	-49	-58	
	EQUIVALENT TEMPERATURE (°F)											
CALM	32	23	14	5	-4	-13	-22	-31	-40	-49	-58	
5	29	20	10	1	-9	-18	-28	-37	-47	-56	-65	
10	18	7	-4	-15	-26	-37	-48	-59	-70	-81	-92	
10	13	-1	-13	-25	-37	-49	-61	-73	-85	-97	-109	
10	7	-6	-19	-32	-44	-57	-70	-83	-98	-110	-121	
25	1	-10	-24	-37	-50	-64	-77	-90	-104	-117	-130	
10	-1	-13	-27	-41	-54	-68	-82	-97	-109	-123	-137	
10	-1	-15	-29	-43	-57	-71	-85	-99	-113	-127	-142	
40	-3	-17	-31	-45	-59	-74	-87	-102	-116	-131	-145	
45	-3	-18	-32	-46	-61	-76	-89	-104	-118	-132	-147	
50	-4	-18	-33	-47	-62	-78	-91	-105	-120	-134	-148	
LITTLE DANGER FOR PROPERLY CLOTHED PERSON				CONSIDERABLE DANGER				VERY GREAT DANGER				
				DANGER FROM FREEZING OF EXPOSED FLESH								

life because it can have detrimental effects on plant growth. Winds dry soils, and can increase the rate at which plants pump water back into the air. Winds can create near drought conditions, especially in those areas where precipitation is low. Where plants are not well established or where overgrazing or poor forestry and agricultural methods are practiced, the topsoil can be blown away, particularly during dry periods. The dust bowl of Oklahoma in the early 1930's is a good example. Windbreaks have, therefore, become very important for holding soil moisture, for soil conservation, and for increased crop yield. With adequate wind protection, plant growth can be maintained or increased, wildlife habitats improved, and populations can realize their potential.

Shelterbelts planted in the prairies proved beneficial to wildlife by pro-

viding a habitat that never existed there before. These windbreaks extended the range of such species as the bobwhite quail into areas where they otherwise might never have been found. Windbreaks can serve a dual purpose. In addition to their originally intended use, windbreaks can also be managed to provide wildlife habitat. This would be particularly advantageous where windbreaks are located far from other suitable habitats, such as in agricultural and urban areas.

Even the local distribution of wildlife can often be attributed to the wind. Studies have shown that flying insects tend to congregate in areas sheltered from wind, and there they provide a concentrated food source for insectivorous birds, bats, etc. Studies have also shown that small rodent populations are densest in areas sheltered from the wind, everything else being equal. Rodents were attracted to such areas by the greater accumulation of snow and litter, which in turn provides greater security against predation.

When food for wildlife is abundant, then wind is not a very important factor in the animals' lives except as it spreads seeds, carries odors of food or danger, or influences plant growth and soil loss. When food is limited, and that means most years, then wind can play an important role in influencing wildlife resource abundance. So, the next time that ol' north wind blows, remember, our wildlife friends are concerned about it too!

Thanks Be To February

The last few days of quail season
can be the year's best hunting.

BY WILLIAM G. MURRAY

Now for myself, in spite of the moaning and groaning of hunters and some sportswriters, who insist that this month is not for hunting, the month of doldrums, *ad nasseum* — I'll take February for some of the best quail shooting. While the neophyte sportsmen and "first of the season" hunters are staying indoors on those cold, blustery, February days, quarreling, drinking too much and alienating themselves from their long suffering spouses — the hard hunter is out in the brambles with his staunch "buhd-dog," as we say in the south.

I learned this lesson a few years ago on the tail end of the quail season. You see, we have a little extra bonus in North Carolina, the quail season usually coming in a little later than in adjoining states but we can hunt through the entire month of February. I will probably regret revealing that little tidbit as most hunters apparently think the hunting season on quail is over when the duck and goose shooting ends, normally between the 10th and 15th of January.

Anyway, a few seasons ago, around the middle of February, I was out in the fields with a young bird dog who was making a great show of trying to impress me with his "birdy" manner — mostly on sparrows, when we ran up on a man and his dog. I use the term "ran up on" literally as my puppy saw them first and bounded over to greet them, immediately breaking rule number one in quail shooting etiquette as the dog was "locked up" tight. I managed to drag the pup away while a little tableau was enacted — bird was flushed, man shot bird, dog retrieved bird, all without a word being spoken.

Trying to smooth over an awkward situation, I came up with a dilly, something as follows, "Hi friend, see you are "buhd-hunting," which was an asinine

statement. He grunted something that sounded like, "could be." My next try was "Having any luck?" Now that was dumb, as his coat pocket was sagging with birds. He grunted something else which could have been, "Maybe." Meanwhile his dog, a nondescript looking rascal, was leering at my puppy. He was probably smelling the shampoo, (tick and flea) that I had lavished on little Roscoe the night before. I overlooked this lack of civility in both man and dog. I have found out one thing in bird hunting, don't be too sensitive; also never stand back, be aggressive, "Cowards avaunt," or something to that effect, or strike while the iron is hot.

I kept firing questions at my (hopefully) newly found, hunting companion and as he started edging off, I fell in step. He never did actually invite me to go along — I just went. I have found when one is on uncertain ground, keep asking questions, keep your adversary off guard. Before he can answer a question, fire away with another, keep him confused and — keep in step. It so happened we had not gone far when his dog "froze" solid. My comrade motioned me on up and when the birds exploded, I banged away furiously. Now the thing to do on the flush, is to right away start hollering, "dead, dead bird," rather loudly. That way, in the confusion of gunfire and dogs scampering about, no one has the time to really watch you closely. Also, it tends to give you more respect in the eyes of your companion(s) and the dogs — they think you know what you are doing.

My comrade called his dog back in after his two quail had been retrieved and asked me how many I had knocked down. Well, I had shot three times so not wanting to upstage him, I replied, "two for sure, could have winged another." His dog sniffed every



hummock and tuft of grass in the area for about fifteen minutes with my puppy dogging his steps, sniffing him. By that time I was sure his dog was beginning to realize that something was not quite right and felt sure his master had arrived at the same conclusion. He did have the courtesy to say that his dog was getting along in age and was not as good on finding dead birds as he used to be, maybe he had overlooked my birds. He was lighting his pipe and gazing off into the distance when he said this and I did not pursue the subject.

Anyway his dog soon found another covey and this time my partner insisted that I walk in and kick the birds up, he placed the burden squarely on my shoulders, I could not squirm out of it. When they came up, I was "dead on" the first one that buzzed by me and "grassed" another one that was going

away, fast. I shouted loudly to his dog to come and "hunt dead", another breach of etiquette but it was no time to stand on formalities. Afterwards, the mood was more relaxed and my hunting partner even started talking, he told me how he had come to find that there was excellent quail hunting in February.

The remainder of our hunt that day was very pleasant as we had several more covey rises, in addition to some good singles shooting. I was hoping that he would ask me to come along on another hunt before the season was over, but as quail hunters are known to be notoriously close-mouthed, taciturn and secretive, I didn't dare get my hopes up. True, he didn't come right out and invite me on a hunt but later when I bid him good-bye, he did say that he would be back on his first free day the following week, it was possible that he would see me again. You know what, he was so right — he did.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

Sgt. Otto Kendrick

Freeling, Virginia in Dickenson County was the birthplace of Otto Kendrick. His father operated a general farm on which he grew corn, wheat, tobacco and a large family. Five of the children were boys and the senior Kendrick "raised 'em early on with lots of wisdom about wildlife and nature." These instructions, which included strict rules about firearms safety and the correct conduct of a sportsman while afield, have remained with Otto since that time.

Following his schooling he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and was assigned to the Mosely, Virginia area where for some eleven months Otto helped to construct fire trails. Next he became a coal miner and eventually attended a school which subsequently awarded him First Class Mining Papers. These qualifications allowed him to be a mine foreman in any coal mine in the country.

World War II saw him enlisting in the U.S. Navy where he served overseas in the South Pacific as a bulldozer operator building airports and supply bases.

Following his discharge he again tried coal mining, but he was not satisfied. In September of 1946 he was

hired to work as a Game Manager with the Commission by the then Game Division Chief, Chester F. Phelps. His first assignment was at High Knob and he later had a great deal to do with the Breaks Wildlife Unit in Dickenson County and the Glades Wildlife Management Area.

During April of 1951 he replaced C. F. Beverly as warden for Dickenson County and in 1966 was promoted to Area Leader, the position which he currently holds.

The most satisfying aspect of his work is to have seen the development of trout streams, a deer season and a turkey season, none of which were in existence when he started with the Commission. All of this has been to the benefit of the sportsmen and women and he feels proud to have been a part of this development.

Ottos's first wife, Ruth Ford from Pikesville, Kentucky passed away in 1969. The couple had six children. In 1973 he married the former Barbara Ramey from Elhorn City, Kentucky and they make their home in Clintwood, Virginia.



It was 5 a.m. and Dedi, only half awake, felt her husband's kiss and heard him whisper that he was closing Tuck in the bedroom with her. Now she remembered sleepily, Hal was going hunting with friends and his golden retriever wasn't invited. As she heard the car being backed out of the drive, something made her open her eyes. What she saw brought her fully awake! Big Tuck was teetering on the window sill, about to jump out of the second-story window to join his master. With a flying tackle she sprung from the bed, grabbed the dog, and brought him crashing to the floor on top of her. Happily, neither she nor the dog was hurt.

To what lengths a dog will go to be included in a hunting trip, a walk, or an outing of any kind! And then what lengths a dog will go to, what diabolical schemes they hatch to get back at you for not taking them with you! Some are content to "worry" the bathroom rug to pieces or empty all wastepaper baskets and reduce contents to confetti. Some will empty all drawers within reach that have been left open a crack or strip all the beds in the house. But there are some who quietly ponder the situation and come up with devilish and cunning retributions.

Consider a German shorthaired pointer I'm acquainted with. When my friends first began to leave him alone in the new house while they had an evening out, they ran into outrageous difficulty. The fact is the dog gave them "the great rip-off."

The one who was the last to say goodbye and close the door of the house on him was made to suffer for not taking him along. All the doors in the house were sliding doors and soon the dog would nose his way into the bedroom, reach up and snatch that person's scarf off his or her dresser, scattering everything all over the floor.

Next he went to the sliding closet doors and pulled all that person's clothes off the hangers. His other owner's things were not touched — only the belongings of the last to say goodbye.

This got to be maddening and just as they were wondering if they could live with this tyrant, a friend came up with an idea. On a night when they were all going out for dinner she suggested she bring her dog over to dogsit. On their return home they found nothing had happened and both dogs were happy and contented. The next day my friends bought another dog to keep the first one company and they never had a "rip-off" again.

I also know a standard schnauzer who watches very closely what his mistress places on the bed to wear that day. When his mistress is in taking her bath he considers the garments carefully. Am I being included in this outing or am I being deserted? The "tip-off" is his mistress's girdle. If that is on the bed the dog knows of a certainty it's too big a day to include him. He picks up the girdle, carries it into the guest room and stuffs it up in between the sheets of the bed. He returns to his mistress's room and greets her with sad reproachful eyes when she walks out of the bathroom. And my friend can expect to see a little lump under the spread of the guest room bed.

Canine Capers

BY JEANNE PRICE

Sometimes it's hard to tell
who the master really is.

How about the little dachshund who had been trained to welcome his master with his owner's bedroom slippers when the man came home from work. But just let the family leave him home and he showed them what he thought of that trick and their ill treatment of one who served them so well. Out his swinging pet door he trotted with those slippers and buried them in the back yard — luckily always in the same spot so his master knew where to look when they were missing.

A fox terrier didn't like the loneliness of a dark, empty house. If night fell before the family returned home, they would find the house lit up like a Christmas tree. Most of their lamps had pull chains and he would go all over the house and pull every chain on every lamp.

I know a German shepherd who gently unrolls the toilet paper and carefully walks it all through the house, winding it all around the furniture and down the stairs, seldom breaking the long ribbon. What a fantastic greeting for those inconsiderate people who have been out having a good time without him!

Oh, they can think of so many ways to keep busy while you're gone. If one little Maltese-poodle finds the closet door open she will bring one shoe after another out until each is sitting with its own mate in the middle of the bedroom floor. Some make a thorough study of flower rearranging or furniture upholstery or bulb replanting. What can you expect?



After a long day's hunt, what could feel better than a nice soft bed?

Why, he seems to ask, have I been left home alone?



Look what you've done to them! Ruined their day.

Not every dog is vindictive. A mean thought never enters some canine craniums. Consider a little mix-breed who lived in the country with his family many years ago. Every day he helped the children with a special chore — the children were to bring in kindling and small logs for the kitchen stove and pile it at the back door. Late one evening the family returned from an all day visit out of town. As the car turned down the drive the headlights spotlighted their dog sitting proudly on the porch — and behind him a big pile of wood. He had done the children's job for them and it must have taken hours, one piece at a time carried from the woodshed in his mouth.

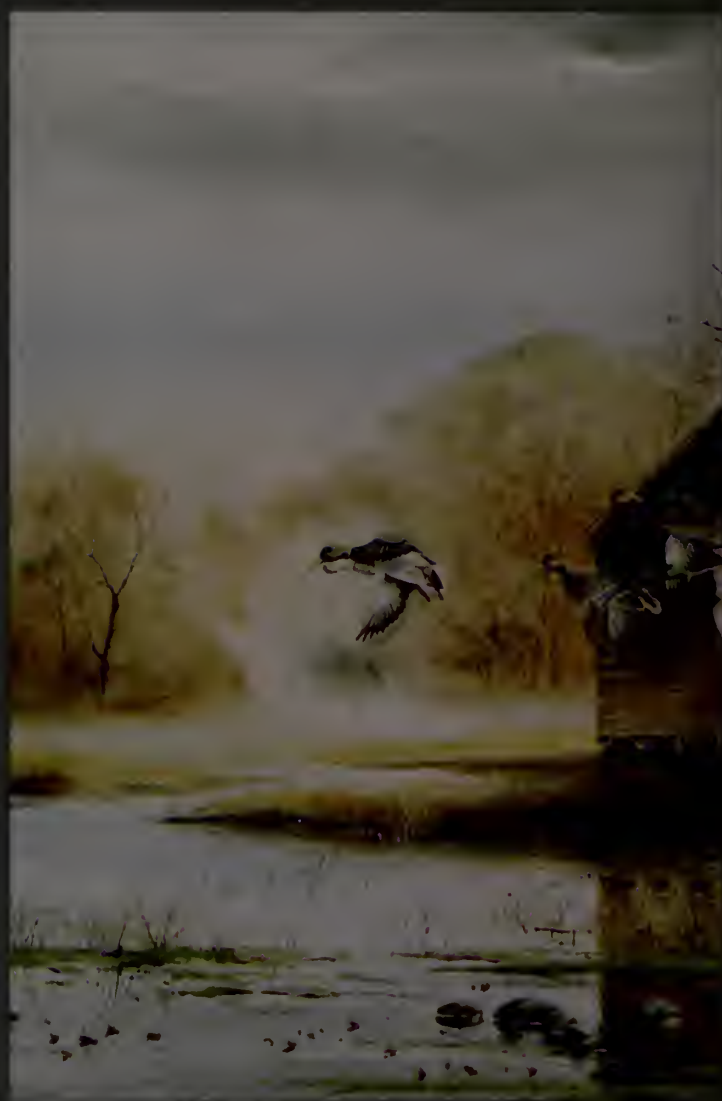
I shall close with a story I have longed to believe for forty years. It is about a marvelous German shepherd I had as a child. Lucky lived to be 18 years old and the whole family adored him, especially my father. But he did love to lounge on my parents' bed when we were out. We'd hear the thump on the floor as he heard us open the front door. Then one of us would run into the bedroom, make a big thing of feeling the warm spot on the bed and scold and shame him.

One day my father said he was going to sneak in and catch Lucky on the bed, but coming down the hall he heard a big thump. As he peered into the room, my father claims he couldn't believe his eyes. Lucky was standing beside the bed fanning the covers with his paw!

GEORGE SHUMATE

WILDLIFE ARTIST

Boondola Artist George Shumate has a more painterly illustration, a more whimsical style in watercolor. Sometimes, more photographic in approach, Shumate's birds and animals have a quality of life not often achieved in wildlife art.





Wildlife
Artist

George
Shumate



Trout All Season?

BY WILL CRISP

It was a hot morning last August. The spring-fed water ran clear and cold. Corn in the bottom land was shoulder high. I had just lost an Iron Blue Dun to what must have been a 14 inch rainbow. And then a very simple question hit me:

How is it that over here I can catch a suitable number of trout in August within driving distance of a city with 1.8 million people? And why is it that fishing out from a city like Staunton, with only 30,000 people, in Augusta County, in the Shenandoah Valley, I couldn't catch anything at all?

"Over here," happens to be Vienna in Austria. But I want to emphasize that in talking about trout fishing in Austria, this is not some expatriate rejecting his born-and-bred Virginia ways and espousing some high-falutin' foreign idea.

That being said, the question that hot August morning needs to be answered. Very basically, somehow trout fishing is so organized in a European country like Austria that it is possible to have sport trout fishing all season long, straight through from March until October.

By contrast, in Virginia not many pre-season stocked trout survive the fishermen who are lined up shoulder-to-shoulder on opening day.

Even if the trout stocking program is spaced over several months most fish are soon caught. It is a lucky man who can fill his creel during the latter part of the season.

Not all that applies to Austria is valid for Virginia and vice-versa. But the point seems to be that if we Virginians could alter a few of the ways in which we manage our trout fishing, then there might be more trout, more sport, and a much more rewarding season.

I believe this because the terrain here is not significantly different from Virginia trout country. The area around Vienna is shaped by rolling foothills and higher mountains that reach up to about 2,000-3,000 feet. Of course, parts of Austria are truly Alpine, with high peaks and glaciers more like the Rocky Mountains. But old hands say it's better to stick within a radius of two hours drive from Vienna. Once outside the big city, close your eyes and it could be the Blue Ridge or the Shenandoah Valley.

Austria is on a higher latitude than Virginia and there is more rain in the summers and the streams aren't plagued by low water. But the rainbow trout (*Salmo gairdneri*) are exactly the same. They are joined by European brown trout (*Salmo trutta*) that get slightly bigger than our brook trout, which don't appear in most European waters.

In Austria land ownership and river rights are very complicated. At least 50% of the good trout water is simply closed to the public. By discreet investigation it can be learned that some very choice water "belongs" to a television star, or a millionaire, or a baron, or has been owned by a monastery for 500 years.

Part of the remaining trout streams are held by local inn proprietors who pay a fee to the government and then sell licenses to their guests. But the larger share of the remainder is under jurisdiction of non-profit fishing associations, which are self-financed by the proceeds of day, month or yearly license fees. The examples of this article are drawn from one of these associations.

Their successful trout management is really based on

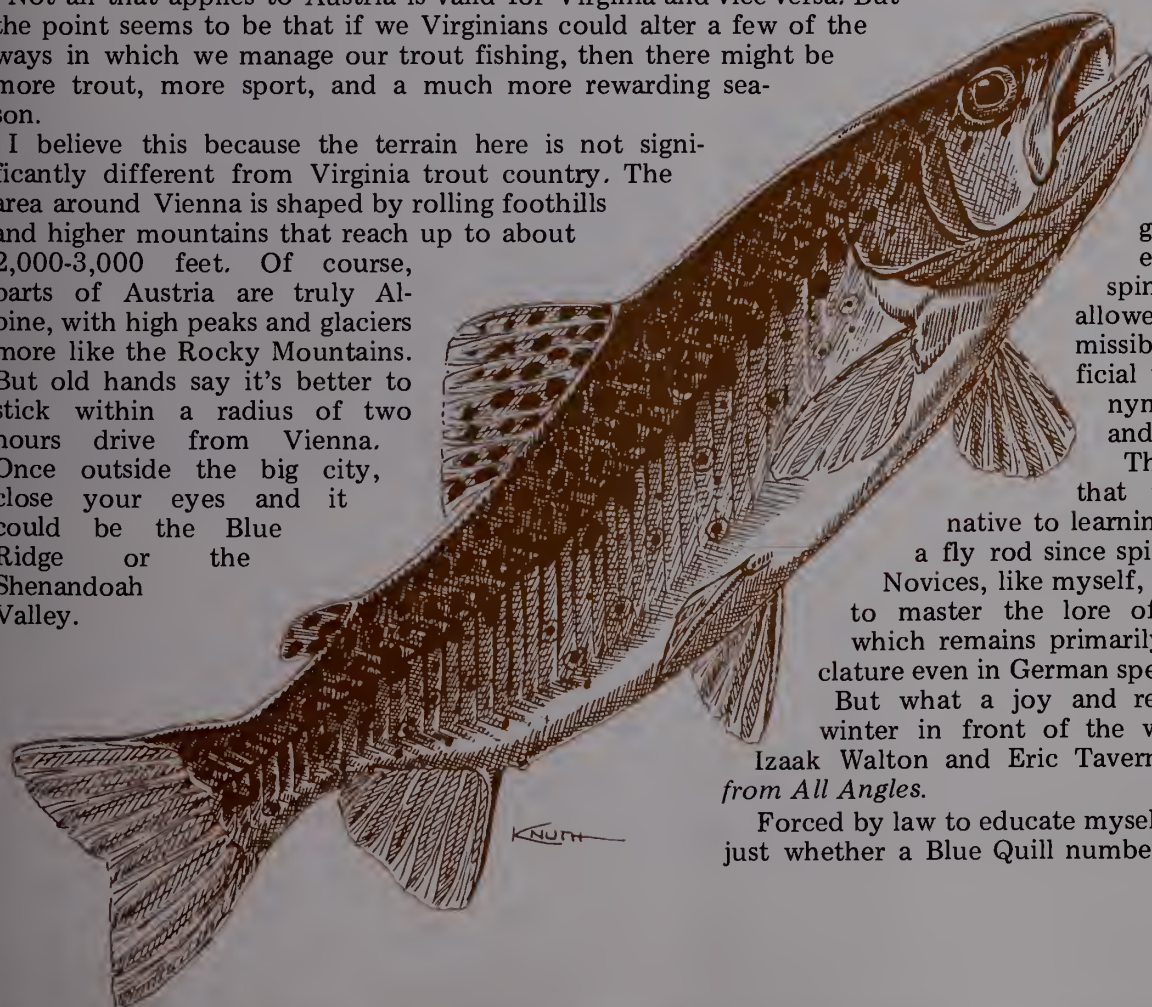
three points: bait; stocking practice; price.

Bait: very simply no worms, grasshoppers, crickets or any live bait, spinners or lures are allowed. The only permissible "baits" are artificial wet flies (including nymphs and streamers) and dry flies.

This of course means that there is no alternative to learning the proper use of a fly rod since spinning is impossible. Novices, like myself, are suddenly forced to master the lore of fly classification, which remains primarily British in nomenclature even in German speaking Austria.

But what a joy and reward! I spent last winter in front of the wood stove reading Izaak Walton and Eric Taverner's *Trout Fishing from All Angles*.

Forced by law to educate myself I am now debating just whether a Blue Quill number 10 is more appro-



priate than that Iron Blue Dun the big rainbow snatched away!

Just as important, trout are more choosy with artificial flies than they are with live bait. You have to work harder to meet the challenge. There are no scenes of a dozen anglers yanking out their limit in 60 minutes' time. But just for that reason, there are more trout to go around.

Stocking practice: young fish are released into the river as fingerlings, not as grown, ready-to-catch trout. This means that they will have two or three years before they reach the minimum size limit, which is about 8 inches in length. During this period they get very savvy.

Because they have time to mature before they are eligible for the skillet, there is a good deal of natural spawning. It is impossible to tell whether you have landed a "hatchery" or "native" trout. They are both just as smart and possess identical features and pigmentation.

Price: in fancy terms, license fees "relate to an elastic demand curve." In plain talk, "they don't come cheap."

A day's license for a good trout stream of pure unpolluted water splashing through conifer forests flanked by deer trails with soaring hawks overhead costs exactly \$30! For one day!

That sounds outrageous! Add to that the fact that gasoline for a total of four hour's driving costs roughly \$16 and the whole proposition looks absurd!

But there is a very simple economic law at work. Trout can no longer be judged as a plentiful, unlimited commodity. Demand — growing population — increase, while supply holds steady. If the cost of trout licenses was less expensive, then the number of fish would probably be exactly equal to the meagre few which survive into August in my Augusta County.

Thus the high price eliminates a large number of undedicated fishermen out for a cheap, quick kill. But the fees are still not set at impossible, jet-set levels. Personally, I would prefer to be thrifty throughout the week to afford a weekend of superb trout fishing.

This is not the "fishing-for-fun" concept, with barbless hooks where all trout must be returned to the water. Creel limit is 6 trout per day, provided they are over the 8 inch minimum.

It is not unusual to catch and carefully return to the water 15 small trout in one day's fishing, and finally land at least two rainbow or brown trout which go home to the frying pan.

The basic assumption behind the law is that human beings like to eat at least a few of the larger trout which they land. Not much stock is placed in the laudable, but difficult to legislate, principles of elitism and self-denial which have always seemed connected with the fishing-for-fun concept.

I have been struck by the fact that Izaak Walton spent almost as much time telling how he cooked his trout as how he caught them. And it's not a bad idea, returning home with the scent of mown hayfields on the night air, to have one or two trout in the creel.



The Austrian method favors the lone, and often well-heeled, angler — the Virginia system, the average fisherman.



This keeps the wife happy and placates a militant mother-in-law!

It is unrealistic to propose that trout fishing in Virginia be subject overnight to a new set of rules. But it is possible to believe that gradually over the next five years at least half of all trout streams could be converted to a management system similar to Austria's. In this way the larger rivers could be left for the live bait and lure advocates, while a good number of mountain runs would be open exclusively for fly fisherman. That's how we could catch trout all season!

Growing Up Outdoors

BY SANDY COLEMAN

Illustration by Diane Grant



"Boy, all it ever does is snow and stay cold," Amy complained as she sat in her warm living room looking out upon the winter world outside.

"Last month you liked snow, Amy. What's wrong with it now?" Matt said with some impatience to his younger sister.

"I don't know. I just get tired of it. I want to go play in our tree house and fish and fly kites and stuff like that." Amy sighed as she thought of these wonderful activities.

"Yes, but in the summer all you talk about is snowmen. Aren't you ever happy?" Matt complained.

"I guess I just wish winter would be over. How many more days will it be cold?" Amy asked.

"Well, this is just the first of February. Spring doesn't come until April. That means that there is lots of cold weather left. You'll just have to get used to it again."

Amy sighed and began to color again. "It's kind of fun to look out at the snow and watch it fall. I just wish I knew when winter would really be over this year."

"Well," Matt said. "I know of one way that people think you can tell the weather."

Amy looked up at her brother and asked him what he was thinking about.

"The groundhog," Matt replied smartly. "He comes out of his den

on February 2 and, according to legend, if he sees his shadow there will be six more weeks of winter weather. If he doesn't, the weather will improve very shortly."

"Really," Amy said excitedly. "February 2 is tomorrow. Do you think we could watch a groundhog?"

"No, I don't think so," Matt answered. "It would be too hard to find one and then you couldn't really tell what was going on."

"Well, if that's so, how did the legend start?"

"I don't know, why don't we look in the encyclopedia and try to find out?" The brother and sister jumped up and soon were pulling down the brown-colored books in the family den.

"Well, it says here that the tradition of the groundhog or woodchuck as a weather forecaster began with the Europeans who settled in this country. Both the English and German settlers had traditions of animals who predicted the weather. They think today that the groundhog's habit of waking early from his winter migration also played a part in his selection as the animal that could predict the weather. There are societies in Pennsylvania that make a celebration out of groundhog day. Doesn't that sound neat?"

Amy agreed that it did. "But

then if most people today really don't think that the groundhog can predict the weather, why is there still a Groundhog Day?" the inquisitive little girl wanted to know.

Mat thought for a few minutes about his little sister's difficult question. "I don't know. Maybe it is what they call a superstition, like a black cat crossing your path is supposed to be bad luck." Matt glanced at their sleeping Siamese kitten curled up in the window.

"We have weathermen on television every night telling us what the weather is going to be and all kinds of scientific ways to predict what it will be like. Still, I think the groundhog is kind of a neat weatherman. I like it." Amy nodded her head emphatically.

The next night the two were sitting in front of their television set watching the evening news. They were intent on watching it because their Mom had told them that they would report on what had happened to the groundhog that day. Sure enough, the announcer said that the groundhog had seen his shadow. According to him, there would be six more weeks of winter.

Amy and Matt sighed. Spring would come . . . sometime!

It Appears To Me

By Curly

...PERSON OUGHT TO HAVE ONE

Not long ago two well known organizations got together to publish a guide for young women interested in careers in the field of broadcasting. Aimed at both high school and college students, "Women On The Job: Careers in Broadcasting" was the brainchild of the Labor Department and American Women in Radio and Television, Inc. The publication describes what types of jobs are available, the training required and lists the colleges which offer courses and degrees in broadcasting. Copies of the booklet are available free by sending a self-addressed (label) to either American Women in Radio and Television, Inc., 1321 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D. C. 20036 or to The United States Department of Labor, Women's Bureau, 200 Constitution Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20210.

It seems that sludge which has been created by sewage has become more of a problem than most of us realize. This has come about with the fast developing technology which is continually improving the sewage systems of a large number of the nation's cities. The better the system works, the more the result is sludge. Consequently, folks who represent these cities are literally invading the suburbs and rural areas in a search for sludge disposal sites, with, needless to say, predictable reactions from the residents of the "searched" areas. According to a group known as the Sludge Technology Information Center (STIC) there are alternatives to sludge dumping, one of which is a new thermal system which actually harnesses the energy potential of sludge. At any rate, this outfit has



a large quantity of material on the subject, all of which is free for the asking. Write STIC, 1825 K St., NW, Suite 210, Washington, D. C. 20006.

Although it is now a little over a month since Christmas, you may be experiencing some problems with that beautiful poinsettia which you received as a gift or bought for yourself. If that is the case, you might just want to drop a line requesting a free bulletin which will be very helpful. Ask for Bulletin No. 91 by sending a stamped self-addressed 4 1/4 X 9 1/2 inch envelope to Air Force Times Service Center, Department F, 475 School Street, SW, Washington, D.C. 20024.

...FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

The current circulation of Virginia Wildlife magazine is just about 55,000 and among that group there may be some folks that are part of the some 20 million people throughout the country that are disabled. If you are, or know of someone that is, I hasten to call your attention to a superb new book that has been written just for you. It is titled Travel Ability: A Guide For Physically Disabled Travelers In The United States. This 287 pager in hardback is one of the most enlightened publications ever to be whopped up for any special group. Authored by Lois Reamy, who has journeyed over 14,000 miles re-

searching the material, Travel Ability relates in meticulous detail the wheres, whats and just how persons with all manner of handicaps travel throughout the 50 United States. Additionally, she outlines easy ways to obtain similar information pertaining to foreign travel. Complete with photos, the book sells for \$9.95 and it is available from McMillan Publishing Company, Inc., 866 3rd Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The National Park Service recently published a new book which I predict will be a best seller, especially for persons who have an ongoing love affair with that oft-visited place of enchantment called Glacier National Park. If you have been there, you will want to return as soon as possible — if you haven't, yet, I'll wager some of your forthcoming travel plans would include this precious area which straddles the Continental Divide in the northern Rocky Mountains of Montana. "Many-storied Mountains: The Life of Glacier National Park" is 138 pages of photos, charts and details which sells for \$3.50 from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington D. C. 20402. The Stock Number is 024-005-00709-1.

...AND THEN

Harvey Adams, the philosopher friend of mine from Pennsylvania, and a constant source of wit, wisdom and wisecracks, said that he recently reread the motto of the Postal Service, "Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds" —so, Harvey Adams says, there must be some other reason.

The Geese of Cameron Station

BY HEATHER R. ILER



A lone goose looks over Cameron Station's seven acre pond.



Feeding the geese is a popular pastime at Cameron Station.

Cameron Station in Alexandria, an Army post which serves the Military District of Washington, is in the unusual position of being one of the last vital sanctuaries for the Canada geese of Northern Virginia. With the expansion of development and population in that area, valuable nesting and feeding sites for the geese have disappeared. Crucial to the survival of the birds is an area of fresh water, undisturbed sanctuary for nesting and adequate grass for grazing. Cameron Station is one of the few locations left in Northern Virginia where all these essentials are still present.

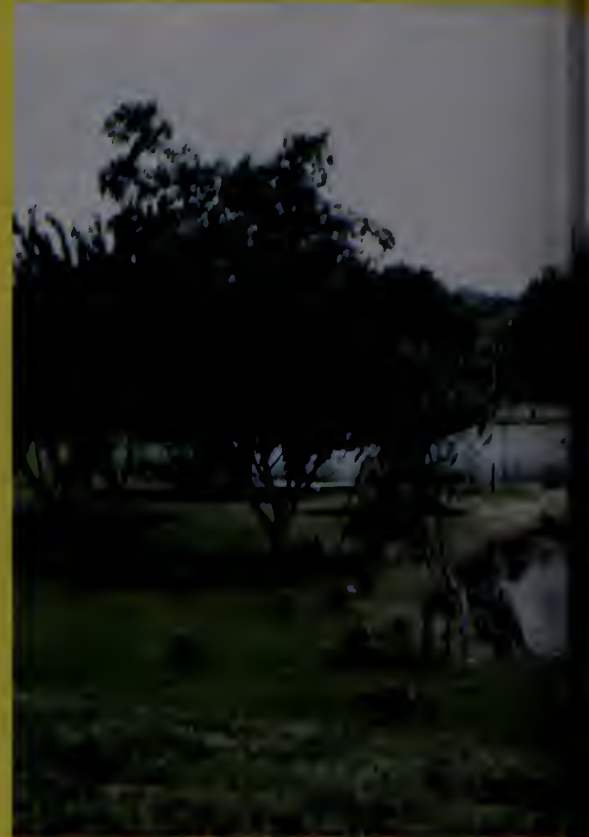
At Cameron Station there are seven acres of pond, surrounded by eleven acres of grass. An original lake was dug out of a marshy section of the base in 1942. By 1957 an adjoining portion of lake had been added, forming an island between the two that is highly suit-

able for nesting. Fed by ten natural springs, the lake is about three and a half feet at the deepest point. The green lawns slope down to the water's edge. Geese can be seen on the lake and browsing across the grass. Signs forbidding the molesting of the wildlife dot the area, helping to make this an ideal sanctuary.

It is a strange paradox that Cameron Station should be such an important wildlife preserve, for it is situated within the city of Alexandria and is a busy Army post. Housed here on the fringes of the green space is one of the largest commissaries in the world and one of the largest post exchanges. The major tenant on the base is the Defense Logistics Agency, which buys all the food, clothing and equipment for the Armed Forces and administers defense contracts. Also located here is Soldiers Magazine, the Army Institute of



The facilities staff has an awareness of the importance of this small wildlife preserve and a deep commitment to taking care of it.



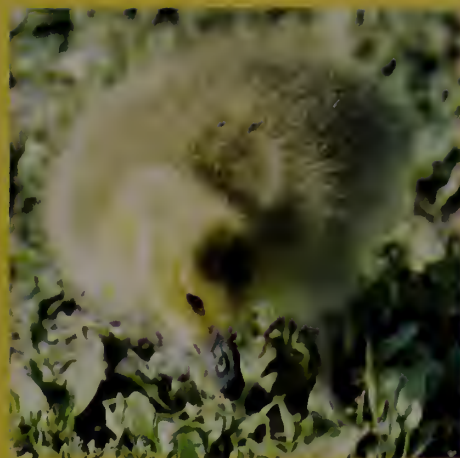
Heraldry, the Army Recruiting Support Center, the Joint Personal Property Shipping Office and many other offices.

The Canada geese at Cameron Station and most of the other geese in Northern Virginia are descended from one pinioned female purchased in 1946 by Mr. Michael Straight for his estate at Green Springs Farm in Annandale. Originally, he had matched her with a pinioned male, but a wild male goose flew in, drove off the pinioned male, and became her mate instead. From that pair came the offspring that have flown out to populate any adequate lake areas of Northern Virginia. Banding has shown that they do fly across the Potomac, too, to mingle with the geese at Patuxent. Most of them do not migrate back to a nesting area in Northern Canada, as they were not born there.

Some may leave with the migratory flocks traveling overhead, but it is instinctive for the young females to return again when they have mated to nest in the area where they were born.

The goose population at Cameron Station generally runs about 50 or so adult birds. This increases dramatically just before moulting time in the summer. When the birds moult, they are flightless and very vulnerable. Numbers of additional geese have been coming to the base at this time, probably because of the protection they receive here.

Canada geese mate for life and are excellent parents. In 1977 36 goslings were hatched at Cameron Station. 1978 produced 18 young. A fairly unusual grouping in 1978 consisted of four adults who moved about together guarding their combined 11 young. In May and



June goslings of various ages can be seen around Cameron Lake.

Looking out for the wildlife on the post is Facilities Engineer, Lieutenant Colonel John S. Thorsen. In addition to his responsibilities for maintaining the buildings on the post, coordinating land use planning with local authorities and working out space requirements with the military tenants, he has the function of wildlife management. He is enthusiastically assisted by Mr. Ernest Cook, Chief of Buildings and Grounds, who has been at Cameron Station for 23 years. Both have an awareness of the importance of this small wildlife preserve and a deep commitment to taking care of it.

The Facilities staff feeds cracked corn to the waterfowl and flight and maintenance food for a balanced

diet. When grass is not plentiful, the commissary sends over each day the lettuce, cabbage and celery that has been damaged in shipment or is past its prime and cannot be sold. Colonel Thorsen, Mr. Cook and a few others take turns coming in over holidays to feed the birds.

These ideal conditions attract other wildlife as well. Birdwatchers have noted several other species of waterfowl: mallards, pintails, shovelers, wood ducks, a blue-winged teal, a black duck, a merganser, a common goldeneye, two lesser Canada geese and a whistling swan. They have also spotted a great blue heron, a little green heron, a sanderling, a pied-billed grebe, a cattle egret and cedar waxwings. A killdeer has nested here, as have barn swallows. In the winter, herring gulls and ring-billed gulls are present in

The ideal conditions provided at Cameron Lake attract many other forms of wildlife.

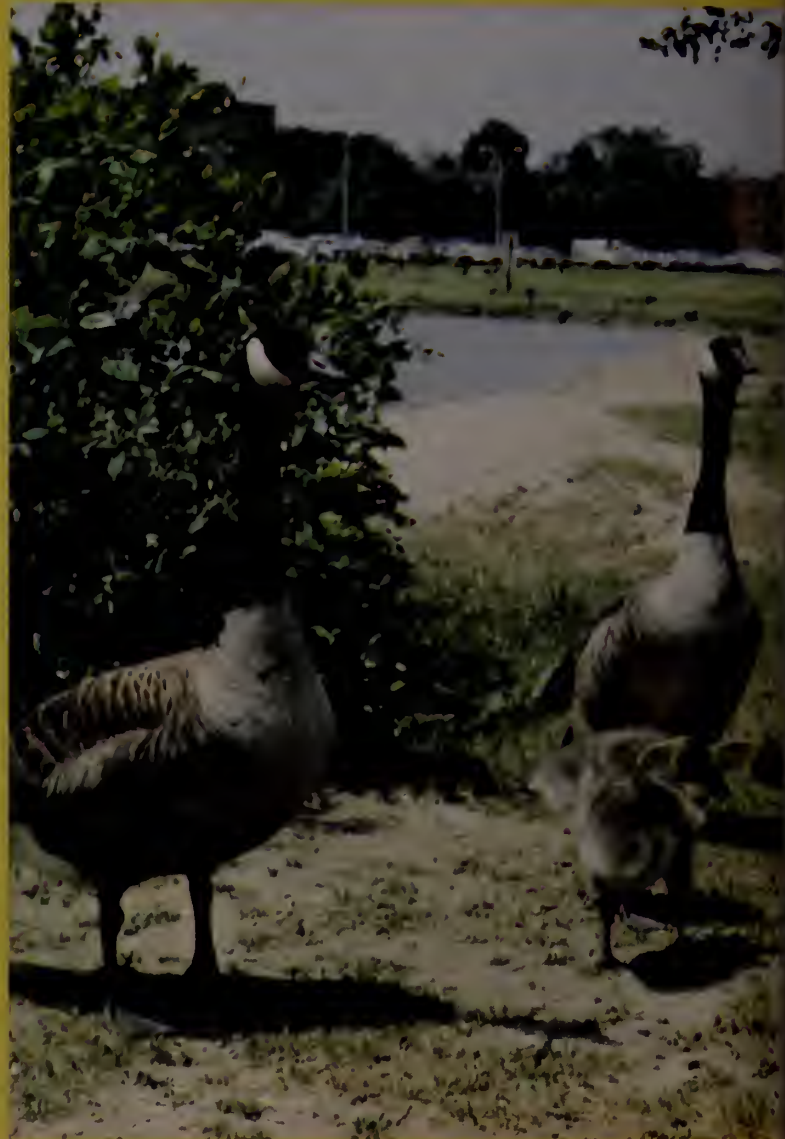


numbers. Even a fox and her two kits have frequented the post.

Cameron Lake is home to muskrats, snakes, turtles and many fish. The U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service originally stocked the lake. Overstocking now makes fishing a necessity. During 1976 it was estimated that 1820 fishing trips to the pond produced 8000 channel catfish, 6000 blue gills and 200 large-mouth bass.

Continually aware of its environmental impact, the office of the Facilities Engineer has also provided goose nesting baskets, wood duck boxes, straw for nesting material and 12 bluebird houses. Angle irons have been added to a railroad underpass to assist the nesting barn swallows.

Not wild, but established here in undisputed dominance, is a family of European mute swans. The original pinioned pair were obtained by former Post Commander Colonel Georgia Hill and were named



George and Georgia in her honor. There are now also two immature cygnets born in 1977 and one born in 1978.

The wildlife and the peaceful setting attract personnel and outsiders for strolling, birdwatching, picnics, pre-school and kindergarten field trips and fishing excursions. Several picnic areas are provided, as well as a children's playground. The Outdoor Recreation Center Office arranges picnic permission for groups. Most of the many visitors are respectful of the wildlife around them and try not to intrude on it.

Environmentalists hope that this small wildlife sanctuary can be preserved. As long as military security restricts the intrusion of development and additional roads into the base area, it can remain. The dedication of the people administering the post is of great importance, too. They maintain this fragile area of spring water, green grasses and the honking of wild geese in a world of concrete and steel.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

Outdoor Notebook

Wildlife Funding in Court

Federal funding for most of the 600 state wildlife conservation projects throughout the nation will not be affected immediately by a court order agreement between the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and humane interest groups.

The lawsuit was brought last March by the Committee for Humane Legislation and others and charges the Federal Grant-in-Aid Program with noncompliance with the National Environmental Policy Act. NEPA requires a comprehensive environmental impact statement on all federal action having a major or significant effect on the quality of the human environment.

The suit is being heard by United States District Judge Charles R. Richey in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia.

The agreement, reached November 27 and signed December 5, specifies that the Service will not renew funding for any of the project grants that come up for renewal for at least 60 days. However, Service officials estimate that only about 10 percent will expire over the next two months, with most coming up for renewal on July 1. The Service does plan to approve new projects during this time after assurances that they comply with the National Environmental Policy Act. In 1978, almost \$63 million in federal funds was distributed to the states which employ about 2,000 biologists, technicians and administrators under the Federal Aid Program for Wildlife. In many states the only professional wildlife management capability available is provided for under this program.

Partially at issue in the lawsuit is whether an environmental impact statement is required for each individual grant, many of which are for administrative support and for conducting routine surveys and counts of wildlife.

In addition to refraining from re-funding projects which come in for renewal, the Service also agreed to provide 12 items of information on each of the 600 grants in question. The information, to be provided within 60 days, includes such items as whether the projects involve habitat manipulation, or result in any significant air, water or land pollution, or whether they disturb or result in the death of any birds

or animals. The humane groups will have 30 days to review the data and then both parties will confer on which projects, if any, require an environmental impact statement.

The federal grants are authorized by the 1937 Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act. Federal funds come from excise taxes on sporting arms, ammunition and archery equipment and are apportioned to the states on the basis of land area and the numbers of hunting licenses sold. In addition, a certain portion of funds is distributed on the basis of population, and may be used by the states for hunter education programs.

Photo by Robin Sharpe



Game Commission on TV

The Game Commission is on the air this month with a new outdoor television show. Produced by Carl "Spike" Knuth and Lt. Herb Foster, the program will feature a variety of outdoor subjects. Along with the hosts, guest experts from all over Virginia will appear to tell viewers about their special part of the outdoors. Initially the program, "Virginia Wildlife", will air at 6:30 on Saturday morning. Look for "Virginia Wildlife" starting February 3.

Who's On First?

The new year brings a number of personnel changes at the Game Commission, and with so many people changing hats it reminds one of the old Abbot and Costello routine, "Who's on First?" For those interested in just who is on what base, here's a rundown of the changes.

Chester F. Phelps has retired as Executive Director and has been replaced by James McInteer who was Assistant Director. Richard Cross, former Game Division Chief, has taken Mr. McInteer's spot as Assistant Director. In from the field, Jack Raybourne takes over the duties of Game Division Chief.

In Law Enforcement, Captain W. S. Rountree has retired and C. N. Hunter will take his place as supervisor of the Hampton Roads District. Also in that district, Donald Hinchey moves up to Assistant Supervisor for Education and John Crumb goes to the newly vacated position of Assistant Supervisor for Law Enforcement. In the Daniel Boone District, Jim Wilson has moved from Assistant Supervisor for Education to Assistant Supervisor for Law Enforcement. In the George Washington District, Darrell Ferrell has replaced the retiring Fred Brown as Supervisor and H. H. Pittman has taken Ferrell's position as Assistant Supervisor for Education.

Birds & Bats



While hiking a mountain road one afternoon I heard an unusual thrashing sound coming from the woods. Binoculars showed the noise-maker to be a bluejay, leaping and fluttering about on the ground. My first thought, that I was seeing some strange courting dance, gave way to the realization that the jay was attacking something there on the ground. Something that was counter-attacking with an angry spitting sound and a flurry of brown: a bat. How or why the battle began is a mystery, but these

winged opponents fought for several minutes — the jay carefully jabbing its beak in search of a vulnerable spot and the bat, apparently already injured, countering each time with a vicious lunge. Two or three times the bat attempted to flap away, but could not become airborne. All the while, the jay continued its sharp jabs. Eventually the bat's defense grew weaker, and a series of violent jabs by the jay finally ended the struggle. The handsome victor paused, stabbed its motionless foe a few more times as if to say, "Take that, and that, and that too," then seized its kill in its beak and flew off with it.

A trip to the library proved that the bluejay's diet is not, as I'd always thought, limited to seeds and insects. He occasionally dines on the eggs and nestlings of other birds, small rodents and, according to at least one authority, has been known to destroy bats. I believe it now!—*Diane Gibson*

Marina Decision

A Middlesex County Circuit Court judge upheld State Health Department rules that require marinas in Virginia to install facilities for pumping sewage from boats. The decision is expected to have far-reaching effects on State control over boat pollution and Virginia's boating industry.

Virginia Wildlife

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No Federal Tags for Bobcat-Otter

Trappers will not be required to have special overseas shipment tags attached to bobcat and otter pelts this year. The regular state tags which must be attached to bobcat, otter and beaver before they can be bartered or sold will now serve as export tags. Last year export quotas were enforced, but this year there are no restrictions on the number which may be sold outside the country.



Bobcats and otters were considered in some danger of exploitation due to high fur prices and the quotas were established until the status and management of these animals could be studied. After investigation, the U. S. Endangered Species Scientific Authority decided that Virginia's state tagging system and trapping seasons offered adequate protection against overharvest. Thus the quotas and extra tagging procedures were dropped. Trappers may have their pelts tagged by a Virginia Game Warden.

FEBRUARY, 1979

Outdoor Newspaper Keeps Fishing Current

Keeping up with the fish and fishing is the only way for the salt-water angler to score. Helping bridge the information gap is one of Virginia's few outdoor newspapers, *The Virginia-North Carolina Fishing Report*. The report is published by R. & R. Publishing Company in Williamsburg and is issued twice a month from April through September and monthly from October through March.

The thrust of this angling newspaper is accurate reports on where the fish are biting. They also show the results of the angler's efforts with a variety of "catch photos" each issue.

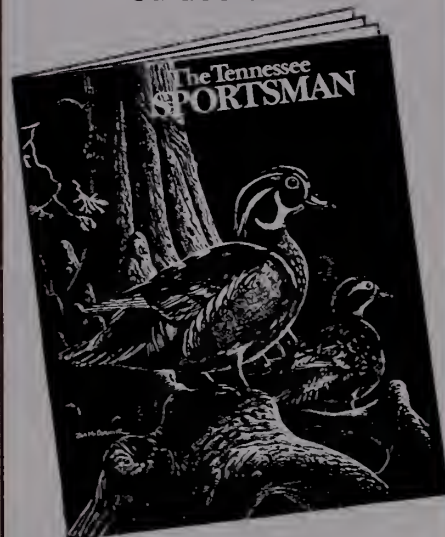
Another interesting aspect of the publication is the outstanding *Afield And Afloat* column written by outdoor writer Jack Randolph. Jack not only tells you where to go but how to catch the big ones.

Subscription rates are \$10 per year from R. & R. Publishing Company, Box 208, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Free copies are available at many sporting goods outlets and marinas.

BAD BINDERS

Upon receiving a couple of complaints from readers that their magazines would not fit our new *Virginia Wildlife* binders, we checked and found some were indeed too small. We have segregated these from our supply and returned them to the factory for correction. If any of our subscribers were shipped such odd-sized binders we will be glad to exchange them for the proper ones and replace any damaged magazines. The incorrectly made binders are about 1/2 inch too short to fit the magazine.

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On The Waterfront

EDITED BY JIM KERRICK



SMALL BOATERS UNITE -- NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

The boating club is returning.

Not a yacht club. Not a fishing club. Not even a water ski club. Rather, it's a bunch of small boat owners and their families who share an interest in those other small boat pleasures — weekender, boat camping, big lake exploring, river running, and just plain near-the-water socializing.

If there is no club to join in your area, why not start one yourself? It's easy, and here are some suggestions.

First, contact your boating friends and sell them on the idea. Together compile a list of boating families who might want to join.

Set up an informal group meeting. Here, you just want to talk about the possibilities of forming a boating club, and about some of its advantages. Then, if there is enough interest, a motion to form the club can be introduced, and a temporary chairman selected.

The temporary chairman can set

up committees to do the groundwork before the next meeting. These should include a by-laws committee. The time and place for the next meeting should be set.

At the second meeting, the committee should read the proposed by-laws. If there are any objections, or if there are any changes the group feels are necessary, they should be made at this time.

If the group accepts the by-laws, the boating club has been formed, and the people at the meeting are the first members.

The next committee to report will be the nominating committee. After the election, the new officers can take over. The club can then move on to any general business.

There are many points to keep in mind while forming a club. One of the most important is whether or not to incorporate the club.

There are good arguments both pro and con. If the members decide to incorporate, then the club is a

legal entity. In the eyes of the law, it is just like a person.

The club can own property. There is limited liability for the individual members of the club. The club is continuous until formally dissolved, even if the original founders lose interest.

If they don't incorporate, it is a voluntary association, with no legal standing. It can't own things or borrow money. Also, every member may be held responsible for anything done in the club's name.

There is also the cost of incorporating, certain yearly fees, and taxes on any profit the corporation makes. The club will probably want to consult with a lawyer before making the decision whether or not to incorporate. The lawyer can give a much better idea of the initial and final total cost of incorporation.

Whether incorporated or not, you're now part of a boat club and ready to enjoy some old fashioned boat club fun.

Tackling Your Box

One of my favorite tackle boxes is a little plastic job that has two sides — one holds some small lures and the other is filled with flies. It also became filled with water one rainy spring day on the Cowpasture River. I didn't pay any attention to the cheap foam lining and gave no thought to drying out the little container. Next fly fishing trip I flipped open the fly side and out they popped — a hundred speculum tinted beauties, with hooks rusted to a dull red powder.

That was a costly lesson, both in terms of money and the loss of flies which had sentimental value far in excess of cash. Some consideration for your box will prevent little disasters like this. You can bet that I now make sure that my tackle box is dry at the end of a trip. In most cases this involves simply leaving the box open in a warm place — outside in the sunshine — for a few minutes. This takes care of the normal water that's been splashing around in the boat or the dampest carried hook on a lure that's been dragging for bass. If you really get a boxfull of water, you should take

everything out and give the whole thing a chance to dry out while you are cleaning and oiling that extra reel that got swamped in the process. It's articles like reels that really need attention in these circumstances. Most lures will take care of themselves if they are set out on a table or the like and given a quick swipe with a rag to remove that spot of algae that was clinging to the hook. Give the box plenty of time to dry out, especially if the trays are covered in cork or "foam plastic" as these surfaces can retain moisture.

It is amazing how long some of the content of your tackle box will survive if given just a little TLC. I have some "old favorite" lures that have been fishing for over 20 years and are still in good shape and capable of fooling a fish now and again. A little fine sandpaper wipes away any rust from the hooks and a stone keeps the points properly sharp.

Some other lures have not fared as well. I think the worst ones, and almost as big a loss is my rusty fly box, was the result of careless stowing of plastic worms. Now I won't pretend to know what's in some plastic worms that makes them react with other plastic materials, but the resultant melting action can be the ruin of many a fine lure. In some cases, the plastic box itself may be subject to this same melting process and you can open it up to find a section of lures and trays "welded" together to the point of uselessness. So check, especially when you buy a tackle box — many now indicate that they are safe for use with "plastic worms." If you are worried, just keep your worms in a separate container — a "baggie"

works well to keep the worms and lures apart.

A clean dry tackle box is fine, but it ought to be useful as well. Many anglers have fallen into the "big box and hundreds of lures" trap. I know I have. In my closet right now stand three huge tackle boxes crammed to the gunkel with lures. I thought I had them pretty well set up. A box for bass fishing, one for salt water action and so on. While it was impressive and sometimes entertaining to open the gaping maw of one of these boxes, it became increasingly clear to me that I was carrying around a lot of weight on the way to the water. I was also spending a lot of time rummaging through the boxes in search of just the right lure. At this point I'm back to basics in tackle boxes. A medium sized box will probably carry all the lures you can use on an average day of fishing and a lot more that you can't. Organize them, however — a box of trout stoppers isn't going to do you much good if you are going bass fishing. Know what you are after and bring the lures that are likely to attract that kind of fish.

What else should be in the box? Line, preferably on a spare spool for your reel. Perhaps an extra reel, especially if it is a trip you've traveled long miles to enjoy. A hook hone is important, and so is a pair of pliers. The list goes on: wheels, sockets, — now we're heading for that big box again. I think it's best to start with a basic list like this and add things that were really missed on a fishing trip. That way you will soon have a tackle box that doesn't look like a steamer trunk, yet will pleasantly get you through a day's fishing.

Photo by Mel White



The White-throated Sparrow

BY JOHN W. TAYLOR

The chill of winter twilight reaches the marrow. Of the day, all that's left is a smudge of orange, dim through the gray, silent woods. So the sharp, metallic "pink" is not expected. Nor is the sudden jumble of bird sound that follows.

From a half dozen hidden corners comes the same high-pitched, single call. One voice answers another and soon there is an overlapping medley, a chorus. It is the evening, going-to-roost ritual of the white-throated sparrow.

Birds of other species may contribute, if they are nearby. A song sparrow offers its nasal chip, or a towhee whistles. But these few moments belong to the white-throats. A communal good night salute, a reassurance that all are present and accounted for.

The brief ceremony seems somehow related to light intensity, as are so many avian responses. Always it happens a few minutes before complete darkness, and does not occur at all on stormy or overcast days.

With the warmth of approaching spring, or even on mild days in midwinter, white-throats may add bits of summer song to their evening ritual. Whistled slowly, deliberately, these notes have a haunting purity and richness, with a tinge of melancholy. Yet here, where the white-throats winter, we hear only a shortened, subdued version of the true song.

It is to the north, on the breeding grounds, that the white-throat is the master singer. There, in the coniferous glades and brushy thickets from New England to Alaska, the plaintive whistle rings the day long, from May through August. It sings at night, too, often enough to earn it the name nightingale in parts of Canada.

Its songs has given the white-throat local names such as whistling sparrow and Canada song sparrow. Other names derive from attempts to verbalize the song patterns. Some have interpreted the phrasing as "old sam peabody, peabody, peabody." Others hear "sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."

These interpretations, repeated in so many writings, suggest the basic song of the white-throat. There is a long steady note, followed by a triplet of higher notes, also sustained. At the end there is usually a

quivering tremolo. This pattern seems fairly constant throughout the bird's range, despite geographic and individual variation.


Variation there is in plumage as well. Not merely the usual differences of age, sex and race, but a genuine dimorphism, like that of the screech owl. Unlike the owl, however, which comes in two readily distinguishable phases, the differences in the white-throat are less apparent. The two basic types differ essentially in the color of the crown stripe, which may be either white or tan. White striped birds are usually brighter overall, with less streaking on the sides and breast.


Further, the distinction between the two forms is made confusing by the similarity of the tan striped individuals to immatures of both types. All white-throats in their first winter plumage are brownish and tan rather than black and gray or white.

Birds wintering in Virginia seem equally divided between the two forms. Both are regular to abundant east of the Blue Ridge, less common to the west. Birds of passage arrive early in October, and return in late April and May. White-throats have never been recorded as nesting in Virginia, but the possibility should be considered. They have bred in West Virginia in habitat similar to that found on the highest peaks in the Old Dominion. Summer birds have been noted just over the line in western Maryland, although nesting has never been proven there, either.

Since white-throats like cutover, brushy territory, it would be assumed that they are more widely distributed now than before the continent was cleared and settled. Not so. Early ornithologists record them as one of the most numerous of the birds they encountered. It was a favorite of Audubon's and Wilson wrote admiringly of it. John Bartram had them in his Philadelphia garden.

The first published reference to the white-throated sparrow was George Edwards' "Cleanings" in 1760. Linnaeus gave it the name *Fringilla albicollis* in his "Systema Naturae" (1789). which has become *Zonotrichia albicollis*, meaning "a banded, white-collared bird."



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